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Hamilton is the Birmingham of Canada. 27,000 artisans employed in 416 factories. Population 110,000.

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Job Room Phone 360.
Private Phone 122.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Wanted Immediately
Man and Wife

to act as butler and cook; must have good references; good salary; no smoking; good home; 14 Charlton avenue east.

BOY WANTED APPLY GARDNER, 1400-1402, 1404, 1406, 1408, 1410, 1412, 1414, 1416, 1418, 1420, 1422, 1424, 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432, 1434, 1436, 1438, 1440, 1442, 1444, 1446, 1448, 1450, 1452, 1454, 1456, 1458, 1460, 1462, 1464, 1466, 1468, 1470, 1472, 1474, 1476, 1478, 1480, 1482, 1484, 1486, 1488, 1490, 1492, 1494, 1496, 1498, 1500, 1502, 1504, 1506, 1508, 1510, 1512, 1514, 1516, 1518, 1520, 1522, 1524, 1526, 1528, 1530, 1532, 1534, 1536, 1538, 1540, 1542, 1544, 1546, 1548, 1550, 1552, 1554, 1556, 1558, 1560, 1562, 1564, 1566, 1568, 1570, 1572, 1574, 1576, 1578, 1580, 1582, 1584, 1586, 1588, 1590, 1592, 1594, 1596, 1598, 1600, 1602, 1604, 1606, 1608, 1610, 1612, 1614, 1616, 1618, 1620, 1622, 1624, 1626, 1628, 1630, 1632, 1634, 1636, 1638, 1640, 1642, 1644, 1646, 1648, 1650, 1652, 1654, 1656, 1658, 1660, 1662, 1664, 1666, 1668, 1670, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1680, 1682, 1684, 1686, 1688, 1690, 1692, 1694, 1696, 1698, 1700, 1702, 1704, 1706, 1708, 1710, 1712, 1714, 1716, 1718, 1720, 1722, 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ANOTHER WICKED WIFE

"She believed it then," he cried. "What else could she do?" said Cleo. "You were not there to deny it."

"I was on a fool's errand," muttered Cyril, with self-reproach. "Well," said Cleo, she faintly said. "Gerald thought she was very ill. Do I believe I have been up to the Abbey twice? I believe he warned her against any excitement."

"I went to this ball," said Cyril. "I stayed on going," said Cleo, and never did she seem in better spirits nor more lovely."

"Better spirit!" he groaned. "Am I mad, or is she really so false and heartless?" "Pshaw, go on, Miss Stanhope," he said.

"I don't think there is more to tell," she said, sadly. "My dear must have proposed to her during the week and been accepted for he heard that they were engaged the next morning."

"And this—all this has happened in a few days, a few hours?" muttered Cyril, staring before him in amazement. "All in a few hours," said Cleo. "I had her in my arms, and heard her say that she loved me. Oh, I must be mad."

"Poor Cleo! almost began to think that he was, he laughed and said she was. At last he turned to her appealingly, his handsome face working in this excitement."

"Miss Stanhope, help me! You are a woman and a woman's wit and acute brain are needed here. There has been trickery, deception—yes, and forgery."

"Forgery, Mr. Kingsley?"

"Remember the letters in your counterfeited handwriting," said Cyril. "Remember the girl, Miss Stanhope's letter. There has been forgery; how do you know that there may be personal violence?" "Look at me," at this moment, he forcibly detained within the Abbey."

"Cleo! she said head."

"That would be impossible," she said, confidently. "One or two from Leola, and every soul in the place would rush to her assistance. He would be a bold man who would venture to take a prisoner of Leola to his own home."

"The man, Philip Dyer, who is at the bottom of all this—"

"Can you say that?" said Cyril. "I mistrust him, the moment I first saw him, and he hated me. But for his insinuations, so far as they concerned myself alone, I care nothing."

"Leola for whom I fear—"

"I am not so sure," said Cleo, with a sigh. "Poor Leola! she doesn't pity her," said Cyril. "It is too soon for that. She is not his wife yet."

"What can you do to prevent her becoming so?" asked Cleo, sadly. "Cyril ground his teeth. "What could be done?"

"Cyril got up to the Abbey and was refused admittance. Indeed, he was even now trespassing on the estate from which he had been expelled."

"If Philip Dyer succeeded in persuading her to go abroad, what could be done?" "Which way?"

"So lost was he in abstraction that he almost forgot Cleo. At last he started and held out his hand. "Thank me for this," said Cleo, with a smile. "Believe me, I am grateful for your trust in me. You have done more for me than I deserve."

"Indeed, I do not," said Cleo, simply. "I bled for her hand and touched it with my lips."

"May you never know the meaning of the suffering of an enduring love," he said. "I have known it, and I added, quietly. "But the struggle is not over yet. There is a struggle between Cleo and Philip Dyer, and the victor this time."

"I hope not," said Cleo, with a warm smile. "And where are you going now?"

"Cyril stepped into the saddle with a short laugh."

"I scarcely know," he said. "I am trespassing," he said, and he laughed, rather curiously. "I have been warned of the premises, you know. But I do not think I shall go just yet. Will you come to the Abbey?"

"Cyril shook his head. "Mr. Kingsley," said Cleo.

"No," he said. "I do not believe and trust me, but others may not. Lord Beaumont were at home. I could tell you all I have heard of him. But I am not on the card and cannot go."

"To come," said Cleo, earnestly. "But Cyril shook his head and lifting his hat rode off."

She was hot and cold by turns. All through the night, or rather the few hours before the dawn, she lay half numb, sometimes forgetting to breathe for a few moments, then forgetting that she had promised Philip Dyer.

A woman can understand what she feels, no man can either understand or describe it.

In the morning she rose languidly, and as she leaned over the bed, she had given up all hope of hearing from Cyril since his letter—he did not expect to see him again.

While she came down to breakfast a little before noon, she was calm and composed.

Mrs. Wetherell kissed her and hung about her with more than maternal solicitude.

"Is it true, Leola, dear?" she asked. "Is what true?" said Leola, knowing well what was coming.

"That you are engaged to Mr. Dyer?" said Mrs. Wetherell.

"Has he been here this morning?" said Leola, curiously. "Yes, it is true," said Mrs. Wetherell, her head down in her hands, and she stroked her silky hair. "I wish you will be happy, my dear," she said, with tears in her eyes.

Leola smiled bitterly. "I dare say I shall be as happy as other people," she said. "No one seems to me any happier."

Mrs. Wetherell looked at her with tender sympathy.

"A great many people are happy, dear," she said, and a new-gained courage came to her.

"I am different to most girls, perhaps," said Leola.

"Mr. Dyer seems happy enough," said Mrs. Wetherell. "I never saw him so much excited. He said you came down, but he would not disturb you, he said."

"I am inclined to believe," said Leola, "he is very considerate," she said, coldly.

Her face was hot and cold by turns. She tried to eat, but found it quite impossible to do so.

She was Philip Dyer, affianced wife. All the country would know it before a bold man who would venture to take a prisoner of Leola to his own home."

"The man, Philip Dyer, who is at the bottom of all this—"

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Neither the soft fabric nor the dainty trimmings suffer if ordinary care is used in the laundry.

Nor does the garment lose shape—thanks to skillful tailoring and the high quality of materials used.

That means that a Peerless garment will be comfortable—fit properly—feel right—until it is worn out.

Yet Peerless Underwear is moderate in price. Surprisingly low, in fact.

Most good dealers sell Peerless Underwear.

The Peerless Underwear Company, Limited
Controlled by J. R. Mould & Sons, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

MOODIE'S

Peerless

UNDERWEAR

For Women—Children—Infants

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR PRISONER

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR CHAPTER.

"Only once in many generations is a tiger-woman born. How I wish Katherine Miller could skip my time!" I complained to myself as Bob departed. The visit was to the child. The servants were in the kitchen, in a way which wouldn't arouse Miss Miller's suspicions.

It was an explainable situation, outwardly, but I knew that the girl's egotism would make her sure that she was having my private life. It was to be a short call, Bob had promised me. And so, quite comforted, I had down to read a letter from my flying man.

It had been written in his wildest mood.

"Been practicing a chop-woop low and gounder the arch of a bridge. Also saw a fellow stand on the wings of a bus and clutch and climb up a rope ladder dropped by a bus flying above his head. Our bunch has decided that we're going to stay long on the Mexican border, so I'd better learn how to rescue each other from the peak of the Mataderos. But we've been betting that you could drop a rope ladder close enough to the ground to pick up a lost or stolen car. So, believe me, but the only possible way of rescuing a lady who crashes south of this darn river."

"Now, Mother can think up enough worries about me without letting me hear of this."

Jim's flying stories are the only rivals to Daddy's fishing fiction. I smiled over his latest heroics, then wrote him a little letter about Bob, then dozed in my chair. Jim, swooped down from the clouds to pick up Bob from a Mexican mountain top, and that just as the baby reached out her tiny hands, a hand grabbed her up—and the hand was Hamilton Carter's!

Bob's step in the hall brought me out of this nightmare. I awoke in a cold perspiration and went to meet my husband.

"Of course, nobody at Miller's knows a thing," he said without waiting for my questions. "But there's one chap who ought to be watched. The fellow—in you remember the man Carter had for so many years?"

"I think I ought to," I faltered. "Berghoff—wasn't that his name?" I couldn't say any more. The time Carter had given the boys of my private life to me, because he was afraid that Berghoff would use his employer's secrets to his own advantage.

"Berghoff it is. Well, that precious Tooton is now hating for the Millers. And I've got something up his sleeve. Darned if I can guess what. Unless it concerns the baby."

And still I couldn't speak. I was thinking of the days I had lived in Carter's house, and how Carter had tried to love me—under Berghoff's eye. And I had not yet told my husband? I had tried to do so more than once. Nothing should interrupt me again.

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WE HAVE THE MONEY TO DO IT

READ THE FACTS

THE REMARKABLE ALTERATION OF TRADE BALANCE.

The experience of Canada and the United States in the years of war and the first year of peace are very similar, with this noteworthy exception, that Canada had an adverse trade balance previous to the war. How this adverse balance was displaced by one highly favorable, and how trade has mounted in Canada, are shown in this brief tabulation:

EXPORTS:

Five years (beginning Aug. 1, 1914) \$2,500,000,000
Five years (ending July 31, 1919) 1,800,000,000
Increase \$2,700,000,000

IMPORTS:

Five years (beginning August 1, 1914) \$2,700,000,000
Five years (ending July 31, 1919) 2,700,000,000
Increase \$1,000,000,000

THE STRIDES TAKEN BY CANADIAN BUSINESS.

When war a year ago was demanding all the effort and energy of the country, high record marks were being set up by Canadian business. Orders for fighting material and high markets for the surplus products of farm, forest, mine and factory, were accepted as the reasons for remarkable increases in business totals. It was freely predicted that with the ending of the war trade would fall away, the vigor of the people would suffer reaction, and there would come a period of quiet.

The first peace year has given Canada a business prosperity higher than any yet recorded.

Bank clearings show that month by month they have increased an average of 20 per cent over last year.

The figures of 1918 and 1919 are:

	1918	1919
Jan...	\$1,022,745,181	\$1,152,822,462
Feb...	828,742,166	1,008,584,174
March...	905,920,181	1,121,540,307
April...	1,122,119,809	1,212,016,458
May...	1,128,806,749	1,413,987,781
June...	1,128,640,941	1,240,872,168
July...	1,114,258,284	1,410,148,873
Aug...	1,072,787,109	1,296,000,014
Sept...	1,042,607,022	1,501,579,121
Oct...	1,272,266,512	
Nov...	1,420,231,961	
Dec...	1,515,031,483	

\$13,776,232,726 \$11,358,621,528

Canadians To-day Are More Prosperous Than Ever Before in Their History

The success of the 1919 Victory Loan should therefore be assured. It is only a question of making up our minds to buy and invest at once.

Put all your available cash into Victory Bonds. You will never regret it. 5½% on your investment; the best security in the world, and the knowledge that your money is keeping the factory wheels turning and enabling Canada to properly meet her obligations.

BOOST AND BUY VICTORY LOANS



This Space Contributed to the Success of the 1919 Victory Loan By

IMPERIAL COTTON COMPANY

can't. | week's games will stand as

